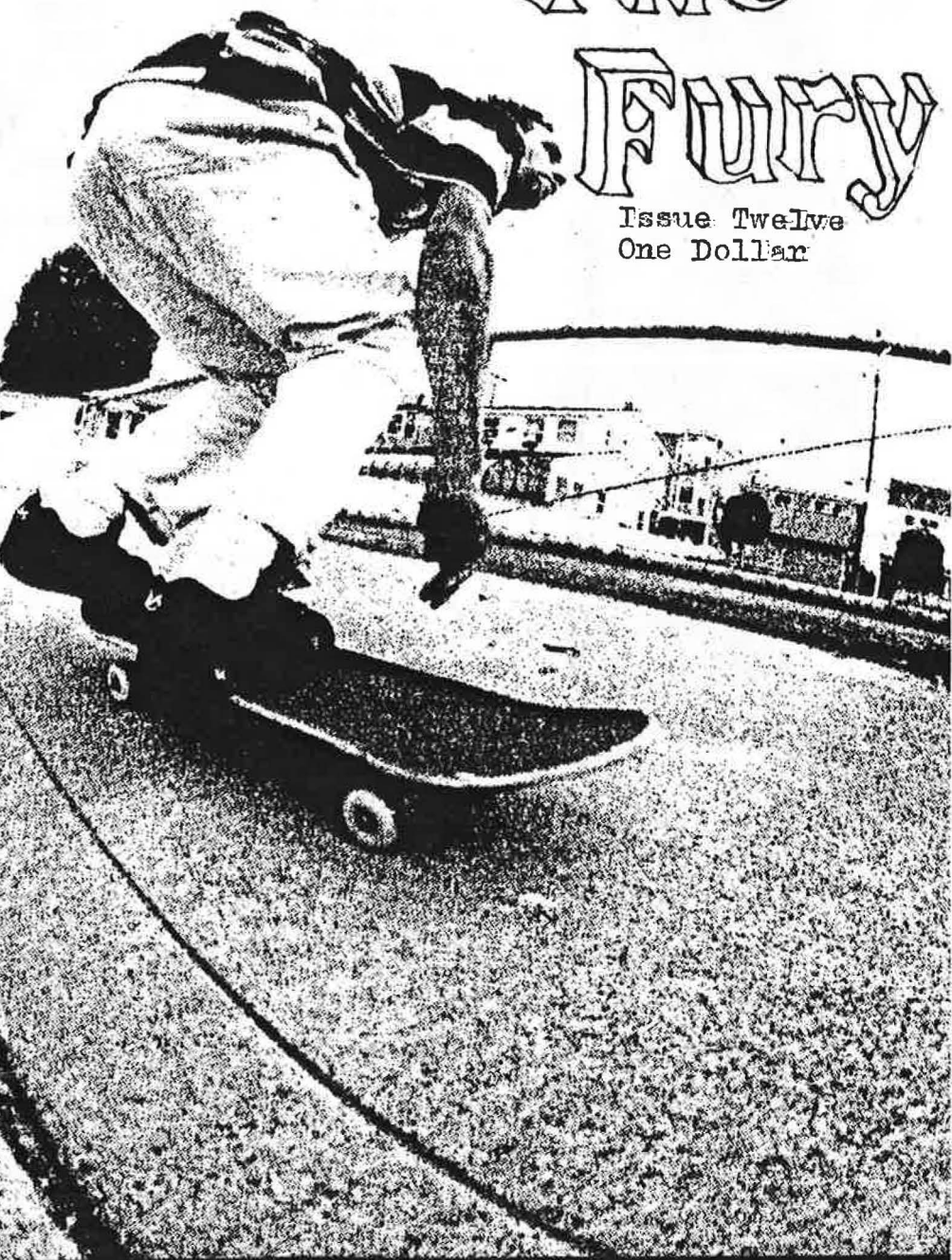


The Fury

Issue Twelve
One Dollar



Welcome to the new issue. As you may have noticed, it's a split issue this time with my friend Colin. He's been mentioned a couple times in past issues, but a couple of you may feel awkward like when you're relaxing in bed with your lover, pantsless and some new guy jumps under the covers demanding halvesies. "what? First the name change and now half the zine is done by some other guy I don't even know?" you yell frantically running around the room, knocking over your hummel figurines and scaring the cat. Calm down, Relax...Breathe...OK, ok, now it's only for one issue. If you like Colin's writing, you could order some of his zines, if not next issue will be back to normal. Still this issue might be tough(what with flipping the issue over or learning to read upside down and backwards), so I've listed a series of facts for you to get to know Colin a little bit better.

- Has 2 sisters. One lives in France.
- His middle name is Campbell
- Close friends call him "Soup"
- committed to a bowl cut for the majority of the 90s
- During the 5th, 6th and 7th grades, wrote fan letters to Rod Stewart, semi-regularly.

Colin

- appeared naked in Shazzbutt! issue #10.
- Once broke his foot in 3 places trying to dance the Charleston.
- Owned a Modocs shirt in high school(how embarrassing!)
- In Jr. High would go over to Matt Lazzara(columnist for SB!#6) to play Mortal Kombat. They would also wrestle and jump around shirtless in the basement singing "Hey Suburbia" by Screeching Weasel.
- Colin's Grandma was the original lady to put a razorblade in a carmel apple setting off a Halloween candy scare for decades to come.
- Colin didn't take off his shirt in front of his parents for 3 years to hide his nipple rings from his Mom.

Contact: Mark Noyotny
5413 6th Ave
Countryside, IL
60525

Superdorks:TheFuryZine@Hotmail.com

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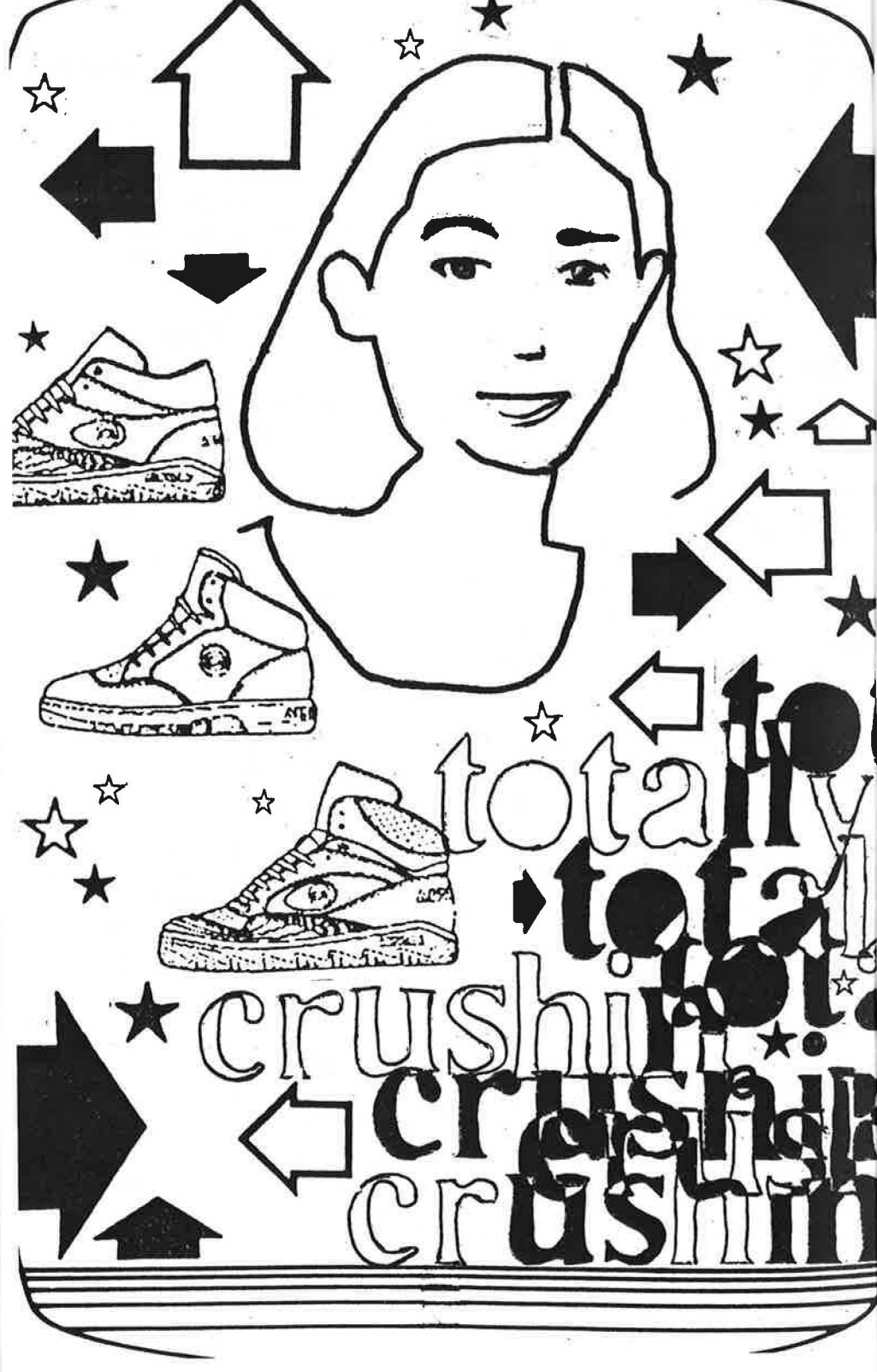
"The problem after a war is with the victor. He thinks he has just proven that war and violence pay. Who will teach him a lesson?"-AJ Muste, 1941

'Rarely is the question asked: Is our children learning?'-George W. Bush,South Carolina, 1/11/2000

'It is a sad thing to see an Indian wearing a cowboy hat'-George Carlin

'About once a year I burst into tears and I just can't stop. I get the impression that I should do it more often but because I don't everything seems to come out at once. Once in 1934,it was a very horrendous plane journey and for some reason the flood gates just opened, as they say, and didn't stop for the rest of the day. On the plane, in the airport, in the hotel, at the soundcheck, I just couldn't stop"-Morrissey

'When I give food to the poor, they call me a saint. When I ask why the poor have no food, they call me a communist'-Dom Camana



There were 2 girls in my grade who I totally had the hots for throughout elementary school. These were the girls who I had exclusive crushes on 3rd to 6th grade. They both however, outgrew their attractiveness by high school. So it didn't bother me when in junior year math class, when Cindy turned to me after lunch and asked when I became 'so weird'. "You know dressing like that, not combing your hair" Rich Fell, who sat in front of me, spun around quickly "I'd tell her to shut the fuck up" Rich was a brass, cocky kid who fancied himself more popular than he was. He was an alright guy though. He died a year later in the parking lot of a Wal-Mart. He was riding around with some friends when he had a brain aneurysm. They thought that he was just sleeping, so they left him in the car as they went shopping. He was the first person I knew who was my age when he died. It's really a sad and strange feeling, you get. Cindy Bulla's question still hung in the air though. I don't think she was trying to be cruel. I think she was just curious about how the other side lived. I didn't get the hair combing thing. Since as a kid, I had notoriously messy hair. I ran around with the other dirty, crooked toothed boys smashing light bulbs and ghost riding our Huffy dirt bikes. And during this time, unbeknownst to me, Cindy harbored a small, precious crush on me. And I consider myself the same person I was as a child. But it also dawns on me that Cindy probably felt that way as well. Our differences were accentuated by High School? Time? Barriers we erect? Who Knows?

Nina Mucciante wore Z Cavericis in the 5th grade. Throw in some Keds, an IOU sweatshirt, and french roll your jeans for a hot outfit that's making the other girls jealous and jocking all the boys. In a time when personalities were just second rate imitations of their older siblings, Nina was the coolest girl in our grade. For her birthday, she took a bunch of girls downtown in a limo. They even made a music video consisting of 5 pre-teen girls dancing to a bad early 90s dance song, with cheesy cable access graphics all over everything. Of course, we were all completely in awe of it. Nina was also the first to have boy/girl parties. We all went bowling and the party ended with her cousin laying on the floor holding a fresh gash on the side of his head. I have a habit of inadvertently ruining everything around me. Well, we were both running towards the door. He tried to cut in front of me, I didn't yield. He fell. It wasn't really my fault, was it? I didn't think so, but when this sort of stuff happens for the hundredth time, you wonder. Am I just making excuses or are accidents over thought?

Nina wasn't one to change either. She just hit her peak in Jr. High and stayed there. Got a bitchin' white IROC and still listened to the same House music tapes which for the rest of us belonged in our embarrassing pasts pushed to the backs of closets or blown apart by bb gun fire. Nina was the first to french kiss in the 5th grade with jr. High basketball players. Once outside of Bill Skog's house, Doug's older brother regaled us with dirty jokes of substituting a bag of potato chips as a condom. It was at that time, as I remember it clearly, that Nina emerged from darkened living rooms of parentless houses, wit another basketball star. One who could have passed as high school and was the kid who punched the social studies teacher and was throw against the lockers. But while she was far more advanced at that moment then I would be years later, it was ok cause I felt that I still had enough time to figure it out on my own terms. I'm not going to wax nostalgic about bittersweet crushes that ended up in failed moments of bragging rights or righteous paths of the high school clique system. Just that what I have is mine. And times pass and go, and who you believe in today may fail you tomorrow. And that often times who they were comes crashing down all around. But no matter if they kill off their former selves doesn't mean that my feelings were any less honest. It's too, too common to disintegrate the joy with the sorrow; to wash our hands of the whole affair. But it doesn't matter what happened to you cause I built this for me and this will always be mine.

WHAT MUSIC I LISTEN TO AND I SAID
PUNK MUSIC. THEIR FIRST INSTINCT WAS
WHAT MTV TELLS THEM IS PUNK (GOOD
CHARLOTTE, BLINK 182, NEW FOUND
GLORY, THE AWFUL LIST GOES ON AND
ON). I SAID NO, THEN THEY ASKED IF I
LISTENED TO THE SCARY MUSIC STYLE
THAT DIDN'T MAKE SENSE AND PEOPLE
HURT AND SPIT ON EACH OTHER. PUNK
IS MORE THAN JUST MUSIC. BEING PUNK
IS CHOOSING TO THINK FOR YOURSELF
AND NOT BLINDLY FOLLOWING THE
SLOGANS OF THE MAIN STREAM MEDIA.
BEING PUNK IS ALWAYS ASKING
INTELLIGENT QUESTIONS AND STANDING
BEHIND THE TRUTH, REGARDLESS OF THE
BACKLASH. PUNK IS BIG FUCK YOU TO
CONFORMITY FOR THE SAKE OF
CONFORMITY. PUNK IS A BIG FUCK YOU
TO THOSE WHO ARE LIVING IN A FANTASY
WORLD, A WORLD WITH A BOTTOMLESS
PIT FO RESOURCES, A WORLD WITH NO
CONSEQUENCES FOR THOSE WHOSE
FIRST PRIORITY IS PROFIT. PUNK IS NOT
NECESSARILY MOHAWKS AND METAL
SPIKES ON WRISTBANDS AND BELTS OR

HAVING TATTERED CLOTHES HELD
TOGETHER BY PINS. THAT IS FASHION,
NOT PUNK, AND THAT FASHION
ORIGINATED 20 YEARS AGO. PUNK IS
PAVING A NEW PATH. PUNK IS HAVING
INTELLIGENCE COUPLED WITH COURAGE.
PUNK IS MUSIC, PUNK IS ART, PUNK IS
POLITICS, PUNK IS STYLE. PUNK IS THINKING
FREELY AND BEING PISSED OFF ABOUT
ANYTHING THAT STANDS IN THE WAY OF
THAT.

**MISPRINT - SWITCH
WITH OTHER SIDE**

Blackprint

Movement CDEP

Quincy Shakes (PO Box 3035 St. Charles, IL 60174)

The new John Brown Battery band? I reviewed the demo last issue and it was decent, this release has 6 of those 7 songs rerecorded and they sound much better. Still when you compare them JBB, it's not as good, like there's something missing. It's still in the same vein of Hot Water Music/Jawbreaker sounding bands. There's even a strong vibe of At The Drive-In which I didn't notice until I saw them live and the singer keeps trying to carbon copy the moves of the guy from ATDI. I may be coming off too negative, because I do think this is a good CD and well worth your time. I would definitely say check it out.

Black
Print

Chris Murray

4-Track Adventures of Venice Shoreline Chris CD Asian Man Records (PO Box 35585 Monte Sereno, CA 95030) Dashboard Confessional meets Reel Big Fish. Well no not actually more like 1st wave ska played on an acoustic guitar. If you don't have anything nice to say...

ee

Ramadan CD

Asian Man

"The premise of the film is that I go up to the biggest men I can find and taunt them until they beat up on me. I kinda overlooked the fact that fights don't last very long and how damaging it is when someone really beats you up. FIGHT HARM was a movie where I was just fighting people on the streets. I'd make people fight me. And the only rule was I couldn't throw the first punch and that the crew was not allowed to stop the fight unless it looked like I was going to die. After 6 fights I really got messed up and was in the hospital and my ankles were broken and I'd been arrested. And

I'd wanted to make a 90 minute feature of just that, just one assault after the next one, and I'd fight every demographic. I'd fight a lesbian one night and fight a Puerto Rican the next. I'd fight a Jew. I tried to get everyone in there but they always had to be bigger than me. I think I'll play the 40 minutes I've got in a gallery or something. I was also making a movie about just tap dancing where I was trying to invent new styles of tap dancing,

RECORD REVIEWS



LAS ANIM 2 photos on left: What Happen Next? Right: La Ventura de Florida

but after I got my ankles broken I couldn't do that"-Harmony Korine, Independent film magazine, 8.22.1999

You know my friend Ben thinks I give overly negative reviews. ee plays soft indie rock, that won't harsh your mellow and would probably fit in great on MTV2 subterranean. But I really don't care for it. If I really gave it a chance, I would call it decent stuff, heck I might even like it someday if I really, really tried. But then when I compare it to something new and exciting like a Harmony Korine film, it looks like crap. The quote above is fucking fantastic and quite frankly makes this CD appear even more mediocre, and I don't feel I'm being negative, but honest when I say that listening to stuff that sounds decent or average or not-necessarily-bad is taking away my time from finding something that could possibly change my life. ~~AK~~ Don't listen to ee. You'd be much better off ordering something from the Asian Man back catalogue like old Tuesday or Broadways stuff. In fact, they even have Alkaline Trio records back when they were actually good.

Friel

Demonstration CD (dshea@mica.edu) 10 songs in a little less than 5 minutes. This is damn good for a demo. Influenced by KungFu Rick in the lyrics and the second vocalist's replication of the Dark Enforcer's high pitched chicken squawking. (you know... it could be the Dark Enforcer, how many people have seen him without the ski mask? In fact, yes, yeah this is ex-KungFu Rick, start e-mailing them for shows) There's also a slight Ultimate Warriors vibe too. The thing that sets this band apart and makes them better is the loose and plain ugliness of the song structure. It sounds like the drums were played in a different room. It's awesome. I don't think it was consciously planned that way, but because of it, it adds a refreshing new angle to the music which makes it more frantic, discordant angry and fucked up.

Kinda like if members of Heroin played their instruments left handed in high school thrash bands. Where ever it came from it definitely makes these songs better. In conclusion, I suggest that the band listen to Void and (early) Gang Green more and practice less.

Frontside/Abandon All Hope

split 7" Mondo Man Records (833 W Buena Ave Apt 2103 Chicago, IL 60613)

This is the best stuff Frontside have put out. 3 songs. Nice liner note layout. They managed to throw in a great mixture of samples and fast, to-the-point songs. short like rabbit punches to the throat.

All Hope should do just that.

Frontside

Your wings At My Feet CD (9446 Jackson Ave. Brookfield, IL 60513)

T-shirts are pretty fucked up in design. They baffle me. Ever notice how they are just one large piece of cloth. Pants make sense, button up shirts make sense. T-shirts baffle me. The other clothes are pieces of fabric sewn together. like a button up shirt is a back piece, 2 front pieces, sleeves and a collar and you attach them all with thread. T-shirts however are 2 sleeves and one tube of cloth. There's no stitching on the sides like there is with a button up. Why if they can interweave the cotton fabric don't they do the whole shirt(sleeves and all) like this? Why isn't it done with Button ups, or pants? The sleeves aren't even tubes. The stitching is underneath. And why is their stitching on the shoulders? Does that have to be adjusted? I am very concerned with the construction on things. I can appreciate simplicity. Life is far too complicated. I don't even know how cars work and I think television is some sort of black magic. I pop open my hood and I literally know what 7 things do. I don't even know how that shit is

connected. Give me a bike. I can figure out how to fix a bike. No gears though, I don't care for that voodoo shit. You know what I like the way Void writes songs, those guys were geniuses. They were really on to something. They just threw anything together. It's like they wrote a bunch of separate parts, put them on slips of paper and then pulled them out of a hat. "Let's see here, we'll put the part where I sing like Bob Cat Goldwith next to this ridiculous tempo change, yeah, that should do" Void is man a! incredible, it's as if they just threw their songs together because they too pissed off and wanted songs where they could start screaming. It's like doing a jigsaw puzzle and instead of the rounded pegs fitting into rounded inlets, all the pieces were squares. Frontside's songs ! Ade 16 used to have that feeling to there songs. Not that they sounded anything like Void, but there's was a jangly sort of disconnection. There recent releases seem a bit more polished



and better for what they are trying to achieve as a band. A lot of people have commented this is their best release, unfortunately they've called it quits. For those you haven't heard them before think of 5 guys trying to build a mid-90s DIY emocore band with metal riffs of current hardcore songs. Add in 2 vocalists. It's hard to describe because Frontside

never really tried to fit into a sound rather they tried to construct their own.

HeWhoCorrupts

"Master of Prorits-CDEP/"
Harmless Records/Forge Again (PO Box 146837 Chicago, IL 60614) aka Only 3 releases by HWC this time around. They must be slowing down. Last issue I reviewed 4 split 7 inches by them not included the split they did with themselves, their Christmas album, the 5 solo albums, their Kwanzaa album or the 2nd live album of them doing cover songs. This came out as a 2 different 7"s and an enhanced CD. (The cover is a satire of Master of Puppets for all of you who think Metall was ever cool. And I'm sure you think Metallica and Ratt are relevant and influential. And I'll be sure to laugh in your fuckin face the day the drummer from Slayer gets fist stabbed to death at an Aryan bake sale) This is HWC's magnum opus. Its tech metal crossed with full on grind. Its start and go mixed in with heavy chugga parts and robotic sounding drum grind parts. The high pitched guitar shrieks in for full on mosh breakdowns followed by fast bursts of chaos followed by head bobbing technical parts. The drums are very clean and the production is really slick and refined. It's a really distinctive sound. The vocals are ex-KungFu Rick and come off pretty brutal. The only draw back is that the songs all sound pretty similar so you don't need to get every release, although you probably will.

HeWhoCorrupts/Don't Worry About It

split CD
Walk In Cold Records (8408 Lakeside Drive, Downers Grove, IL 60516)
The packaging was a little money bag, with stickers, pins, and the track titles printed on the backsides of fake money. But that isn't going to matter for these assholes with 250 CD holder books I hate those things. They destroy

the whole idea of CD art. You know what they're good for? Making it easy for thieves to steal all your CDs at once. It happened to this guy I know, whose car got broken into and then the thief sat in the car smoking a cigarette, probably debating whether or not he should steal the stereo. My friend came back to a busted window, a cigarette stench in the seats and all his CDs stolen. This other dude I know, had a crack head uncle who stole his car as well as his hundred CD book. When they recovered the car all that was left was a copy of Billy Ocean's Caribbean Queen still left in the CD player. True story. What good would a bunch of punk/hardcore CDs do to a thief? It is a very acquired taste. You can't go down to Disc-Go-Round and be all "Hey do you want to buy this case-less copy of the Crudos discography?" That shit isn't going to fly, even by Disc-Go-Round (or even Music Recyclery) standards. HeWhoCorrupts solves this, say for instance I actually had something as high tech as a CD player in my car. The thief would break in, see the money bag, notice the fake money and just steal that. But I still would have the music. Nothing lost for the consumer, HeWhoCorrupts: passing the savings onto you. You'll probably even recover the track listings too, because, and this is the best part, when the thief tries to spend the fake 1 million dollar bill, the asshole at the Gas-n-Pass will ruin his day by pointing out that where it's supposed to say legal tender instead it says: "My Unbearable Battle with Keyboard Semen"

How to corrupt \$

10 steps to success CD 625 Thrashcore/Sinister (PO Box 423413 San Francisco, CA 94142-3413) All these 10 steps have to do with "business models" and sound like some AA bullshit. This band's being hyped up so much, you'd think they're the next Locust! I mean they're good, but come on. So the kids reading this will no doubt want to know the real steps

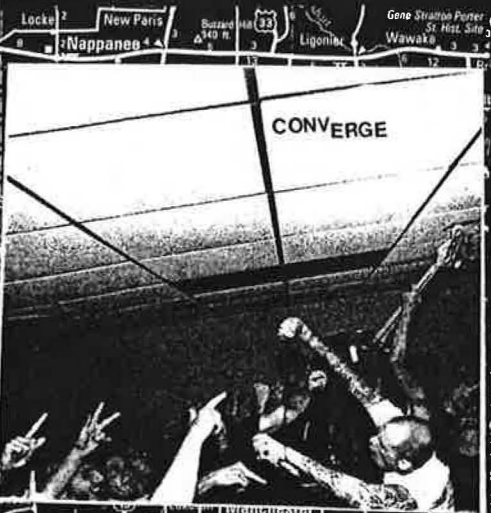
to scene success (The kind their not going to get in band s lyrics like "automated felico on 1" overdrive. Do you mind deary? Oh no, I don't" I'm so fuckin over lyrics as word vomit) 1. Become an ex-member of a band. The more popular the better. If your band becomes hyped up, quickly break up before you have a chance to ruin it. 2. Use gel in your hair 3. Don't go to shows anymore. This creates an illusion of mystery. 4. If you happen to go to a show, only see the band you came to see. Don't give the others a chance. Hang out in the bar or smoke outside 5. Zines are lame. Only use message boards 6. When using message boards, post "saucy" messages to "stir things up" Remember sarcasm is ultra hip. 7. If your band sucks, describe your sound as "matured" 8. Use the scene as your stepping stone to sign to a major label. This will bring you money, prestige, and groupies. 9. When accused of selling out, claim that you're trying to "reach new audiences" and "better your distribution" 10. Never mosh. It hasn't been cool since '98.



High On Crime

Two Piece by Necessity, DIY by Choice CD (www.geocities.com/highoncrime) Dave and John from KungFu Rick put this out just as KFR was breaking up. This demo is a continuation of their previous band, but a little slower. The vocals and recording are totally fuzzed out. Since this demo, they've expanded to four people and play straight up crust

and changed their name to High on Grime.



Metacorn
CD (Metacornsucks.com)
Comparable to Gravity records bands like Angel Hair, Clikatat, Ikatowi, Antioch Arrow, etc. Frantic mathrock. Complicated structure mixed in with word-vomit lyrics of ...let's say the Locust. Think mid 90s DIY emo, when it was pushing the envelope. I'm glad kids are getting into this, rather than shit mosh metal. I saw this band twice before they broke up and thought they were pretty good, but on a recording I think they really shine through. It's really great stuff. My only complaints being 1. vocals are mixed way too low and 2. too much playing repeated patterns at the bottom of the guitar neck on some songs. The CD is free, but it'd be nice if you threw in a buck for postage or wrote them a long letter about how much you fuckin hate soccer jocks.

Soophie Nun Squad/Abe Froman
split 12" Harlan Records (7205 Geronimo, N. Little Rock, AR 72116)
This is such an awesome record. Soophie Nun Squad never fails to disappoint and constantly sits at the top of my favorite bands list. I encourage everyone to go out and see them live to truly appreciate what this band has to offer. They are incredible, 11 kids jumping

around in homemade costumes screaming their hearts out and inventing new dance moves. They offer up 6 songs on their side The first 4 are amazing, and will have you dancing in your bedroom wearing a funny hat. They come off with a unique sound all their own, that's catchy straight up emotional punk with lots of diversity thrown in. The Abe Froman side blew me away, too. I had never heard them but recognized the name as being the sausage king of Chicago. Their 7 songs are all in the vein of bike punk/folk punk. They also have releases on Plan-it-X which should give you a hint of what they sound like. While playing hooky from school, and hi-jacking a parade float going down Michigan Ave, this would be the record to rock the crowd after lip-synching Danke by Shein.

Thrall
Lifer CD
Alternative Tentacles (Po Box 419092, San Francisco, CA 94141-9092)
I get the feeling these guys spent high school doing acid and listening to heavy metal. This is mid paced melodic alt rock/punk, with far out guitar solos every once and a while. There seems to be a lot of influences here. Man this guy's vocal style is painful. The lyrics aren't great, but they're mostly anti-authoritarian. So I agree with them, but wouldn't want to listen to this more than once.

Thp Is My Fst!
I Don't want to startle you but they are going to kill most of us 7"
Left off the Dial Records (PO Box 3941 Oakland CA 94609)
The new band from Annie Froman Ambition Mission/Mushuganas, that follows in the tradition of energetic, tuff straight up punk that is super catchy and smart. The whole 7" is great but the A side is incredible as well as the layout. If you enjoy anything like Dillinger Four or any Cometbus band, you'll dig this the most. Fuck yeah, this is soooo good that after you buy it you'll probably want to mail a couple of extra bucks to the band because you feel you've underpaid for vinyl you will undoubtedly listen to for a long time.

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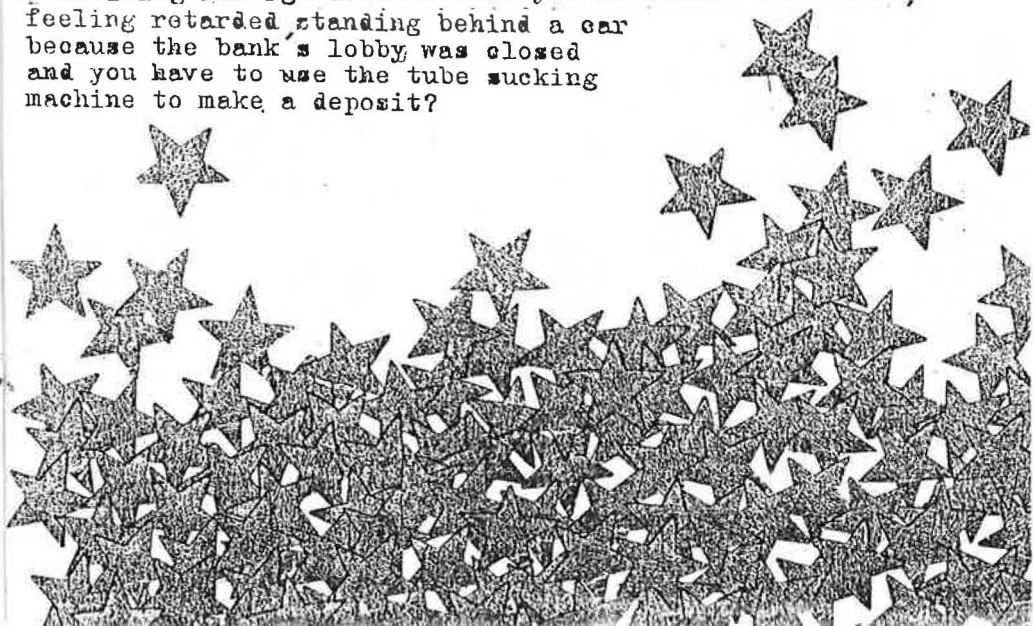
The first time in my life that I saw a goitar, it was on a little black girl at a Zaine. It was around '85 or '86. Contra was still an arcade game. She had an odd growth on her neck. I touched my neck. How often do you do this? Stupid, isn't it? Just a reassurance that you didn't get a goitar in the past half-minute. Usually it's right after you pass them. You looked at a deformed person then hold your glare just 1/2 a second longer then average to show you're not suprized by it. Sure, everything's normal. Don't you think they see through that shit? They only have to deal with it everyday. Who are you fooling? I don't like employees talking to me. I hate those ass-holes at Footlocker. "Sup, man?" yeah, real cool. In small shops especially, ever notice that sometimes when you leave,

Shyness is nice, but shyness can stop you ...

you try to be extra casual. Long

slow strides. Maybe yawn or a little stretch. (This is a common sign narcs look for in shoplifters) Suddenly you forget how to act normal. Just walking seems robotic, so you overcompensate. Look at things you're not interested in, around the door area.

What about sitting in your car, just eating french fries and listening to the radio? You sit there with your greasy hands feeling like a degenerate. People walk by and you feel like you should be doing something, anything. So you start looking in the glove box. "I have important things to do. Ahh, here's my insurance card and the maps I was looking for." Maybe you're wasting your life not having anyone to go shopping with, that you really are a lonely wierdo. Is there anything wrong with listening to the same song 15 times in a row? It's a good song isn't it? Or what about making up new words to songs? Or trying to synchronize turn signals with the car in front of you? Or practicing foreign accents when you're alone? What about feeling retarded standing behind a car because the bank's lobby was closed and you have to use the tube sucking machine to make a deposit?



GUIDE! BETTER LIVING

SO YOU'VE DECIDED TO BECOME A SERIAL KILLER



First of all make sure have all your supplies; rope, gloves, shovel, knives, traumatic childhood, etc. Also try to be male, white or American, statistically this helps.

-Next to really be one of the great ones, pick out a hook, you know like a boss nickname or interesting kill method. For instance if you decide to market yourself as the "Kitchen Killer" don't ever kill anyone with a can opener or an egg beater. Keep it simple, the last thing you want is the other guys on death row making fun of you. "Hey, Gregory are you gonna beat it tonight"

-If you do end up in jail, use your time wisely. Propose to the lonely women who write you or send postcards to former co-workers reminding them that they never made coffee and that someday they'll get theirs, and PS could you send some smokes?

-Usually serial killers have a certain type they stalk (ex. nurses, brunettes). Every once and a while kill a clown to spice things up for the FBI.

-Western Civilization has a long and bloody history. Read up. Did you know that a punishment in the middle ages consisted of putting the victim in a barrel packed with insects on a scorching hot day. After the bugs crawl into the body through all orifices, the barrel is opened and the water deprived victim is given an ice cold drink. The cold causes the insects to burrow out of the body any way possible. This can easily be recreated with a soundproof basement and a space heater.

-When you're packing your victim's rectums full of thumbtacks, it's a good idea to wear earplugs to drown out the screams. Your ears will thank me in your old age.

-When running out of place to hide the bodies try burying them in the backyards of old High School girlfriends, then snitch to the cops.

-I once heard a story of this metal kid, who dug up cemetery graves. Once he wrapped up a fresh brain and then tried to return it at a supermarket meat counter and was arrested. yeah, I would not try this.

-When splashing around in a bath tub full of blood playing sea creature from the red lagoon and rubbing chunks all over your glorious body, remember to wash your hands afterwards to ward off sickness.

-I always thought it would be funny to sneak a dead dog at the bottom of a ball pit at Chuck E. Cheese pizza.

-If you end up on the FBI's most wanted list, you'll need a new identity. Try cutting a line down a victim's spine and removing the insides. Next wear the skin suit around, bam: new identity (you can thank the Aztecs for that one)

-Catch phrases will guarantee you a made for TV movie. Like when you're interviewed on 20/20 about feeling remorse, smear your face with instantanes and announce "boo hoo, cry me a liver"

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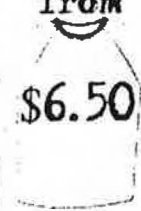
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Here's a few quick websites you can go to to help support some good causes. It'll probably just take a couple of minutes and be far more productive than blabbering on some messageboard about how dope your friendster profile is or how you'd totally make out with both Olsen twins at the same time. Hopefully, you'll learn more about some issues and actually go out and do something about it. This should be a begining and not an end.

www.saveamericorps.org: Bush blew the budget on shiny new killbombs. Sign the online petition for emergency spending on social welfare programs and maybe it won't be as bad as Reagan.

MoveOn.org/distortion: a petition for an independent invesigation of false info on Iraq that lead to war
Cleancarcampaign.org/alerts.shtml: A Clean Car Pledge that gets sent to car makers demanding more enviromentally safe standards.

Actionnetwork.org: Info and premade letters dealing with enviromental issues.

www.house.gov or senate.gov: Contact and information for all congressmen.

www.Eactivist.org: tons and tons of petitions, and info on Animal Rights, Corporate Accountability, the enviroment, Grass Roots Democracy, human rights and labor issues.

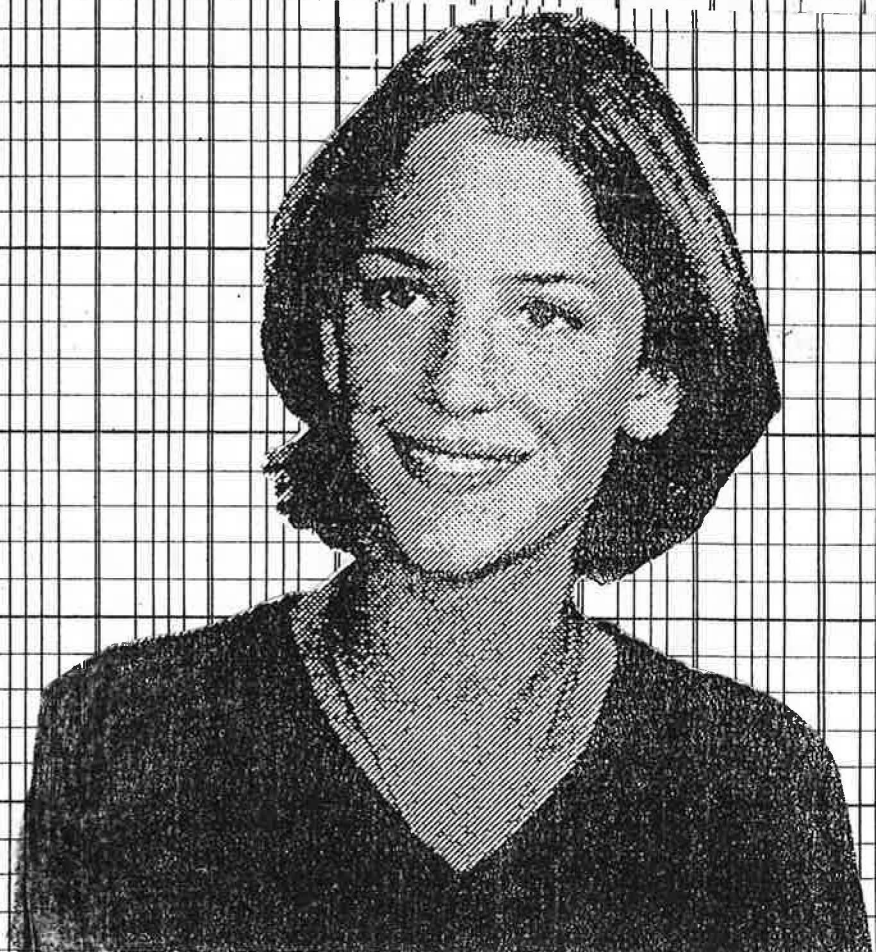
---feel free to send in websites for future installments.



I was 23 before I realized that without first
crossing your laces, you couldn't hold a knot. I'm
a firm believer in deconstruction. That we

create something new by taking out a step in the
routine. By deconstructing something, a better
understanding of creation is achieved or more
importantly what results when you fail. It teaches
us that failure is not an end but a different
option.

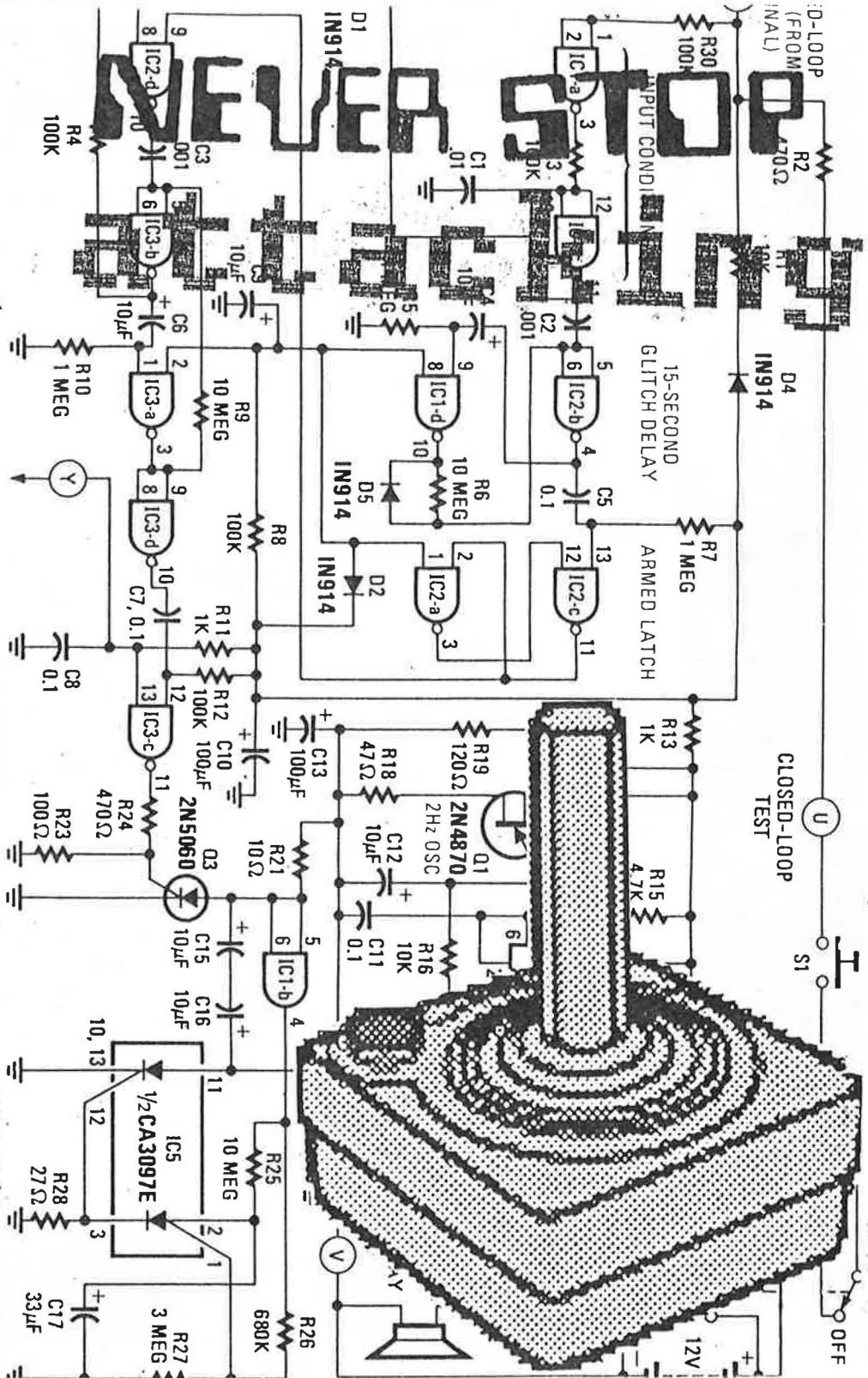
A pebble for all the times I've been ignored and
in the end you'd have a big heap of nothing. I
felt out of place in Sunday's awkward clothes.



She walked out of advertisements. Dress slacks and powerlunch sweaters. While I chose between the only 2 pairs of work pants that weren't jeans and didn't have a hole in the crotch. I wanted to fuck up her life. Sounds terrible, I know. But I had the strongest urge to throw a cake in her face, to throw my arms around her and scream compliments in her ear. I wanted to fuck up her life, those downturned lips and the complaining about customers using the employee vending machines. I think it's because I couldn't stand to see her as one of those "delicate" girls who couldn't run to save their life and who complains about frosting in their hair. A suicide bride for these insipid boys trying so hard to fit the role of wild, zany guy from American Pie or Crazy Blowjob Summer part 3. Who can bench press the most? Who's got the hottest car stereo? Who can wear their hat the most backwards? All those guys care about is Miller Lite and pussy. My
Lite and Pussy. Haven't you figured it out yet? Frosted Hair and Hugh Grant movies. Chocolates and roses. Dead decaying reminders of trying too hard for something that isn't there. These boring uninspired clichés that pass for romance. A paint by numbers love affair. Don't bother with the emotions just keep going through the motions. But once again my words will fall like autumn for the dolled up princesses with their delusions outlined in rhinestone. ○ ○ E

15-SECOND

OPEN-LOOP INPUT



ATARI

ATARI

KABOOM!

LASER BLAST

game program
video olympics

PAC-MAN

STAMPEDE

Power Player: Super Joy 128

In Japan, the NES that we are so familiar with, is called Famicom. Any bootleg is therefore called a Famiclone. Pretty clever, eh? These may include cartridges that have 40 different games on them or re-programmed and unlicensed games. Or even a controller that plays 128 different games. Enter the SuperJoy 128. After I received a hot tip, I headed down to the Alsip flea market to pick one up. For \$60 (less than 50 cents per game) and the help of Chinese bootleggers, I picked up a famiclone. The packaging makes it look like it came from the dollar store and inside there were 2 controllers and a gun. The main controller, looks exactly like a Nintendo 64 controller, except the middle joystick is a piece of plastic glued in, that doesn't move. It's got A and B buttons as well as turbo buttons and there's even a place in back to plug in Japanese Famicom games. Now I just have to figure out how to get 20 year old foreign video game cartridges... To play, all you have to do is plug in the AC adapter and the audio/video wires into the TV and you're good to go. No cartridges, just scroll through a list of 128 titles, all stored inside the controller. It's similar to those new Atari joysticks that have 20 games on them and sell for 30 bucks(if you're a sucker). The other controller is a Sega Genesis controller, same plug and

everything. It and the gun, plug into the first controller so you can play 2 player games or the shooting games. The games are compromised of old Nintendo and Atari games. It's got classics like Excite Bike, Millipede, Defender, Mario Bros, Super Mario Bros, 10 Yard Fight, Space Invaders, Dig Dug, Tetris 2, Spy Vs. Spy, 1942, Donkey Kong, Joust, Donkey Kong Jr, Popeye, Galaga, Arkanoid, Contra(the updownleftright...etc. code doesn't work, but you get to pick what level you want to start on) Pac Man, Mrs. Pac Man, Pac Man Land, Elevator Action and KungFu(Which is called Spartan X with the title page spelled out in Varsity letters. GO!)It also has a shitload of games that I've never heard of like Door Door, Frontline, Super Dynamix Badninton as well as City Connection-a new wave styled game where your mini-van can jump and attacks cop cars. Urban Champion-A 2 player slug fest where you have to punch your opponent past the book store, snackshop and finally down a sewer. Wrecking Crew-Features Mario as a construction worker Balloon Fight-Exactly what it sounds like. (The soundtrack is tuneless and random computer bleeps and bleeps) Bird Week-Comparable to Activision's Shark Shark but with birds and flying squirrels

Devil World- A Pac-man like game that features Bibles that shoot fire, Ha.

Twin Bee- The soundtrack sounds EXACTLY like a Spitalfield song.

Exerion- Virtual disorientation and constant movement. It will drive you insane.

Binary Land- split screen game with 2 penguins who respond to your controlled but in different mazes. (The penguin also appears in a second version of **Donkey Kong**, waddling over barrels)

Pyramid- The title screen has a supercool graphic with skulls, which turns out to be a **Tetris** like game but with different sized triangles that don't fit together.

If you're still a hesitant jerk who asks "Does it have **Punch Out**? ...No, well that sucks" Let me remind you already have a copy of **Punch Out** and if you don't it's still pretty easy to find. But you won't be able to find actual Japanese games that are as equally confusing as they are hilarious sort of like an episode of **Hamtaro**.

Wars- Cute stuffed animals fight by sliding balls across a table while pandas and octopuses look on.

Small Mary- an all Japanese gambling game I have yet to figure out.

English- Essentially this is **Popeye**, but reprogrammed as a game of hangman designed to teach children English.

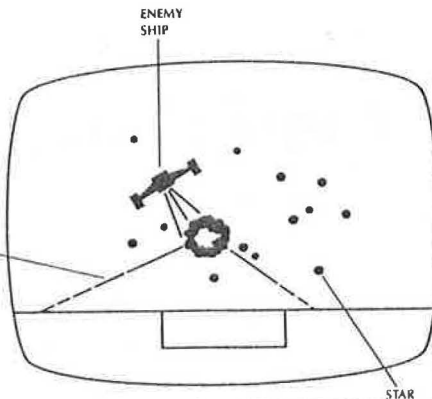
Spatterman- A retarded ghost plagued by a dog.

Calculator-2 player version of **Donkey Kong JR.** designed to teach math

Pooyan-Aligator like creatures kidnap your hamster/panda kids.

The real value of this thing is the fact that I would never find these games anywhere else. And while there were shit loads of side scrolling spaceship/plane games made in the 80s, they're all worth playing. It was the golden age of video games. The sounds and graphics are amazing. Just look at the style put these games: rad looking spaceships, cutesy characters, robotic/metallic lettering, the wide range of bleeps and bleeps an 8 bit processor can create, etc. Remember how awesome the box covers looked on those old games compared to today.

Though not as technologically advanced as **Vice City** or **Tony Hawk**, the games are strangely addicting. There's nothing funnier then spending 20 minutes trying to get a triangle past pellet shooting hexagons, or swearing out an adorable Kowala Bear. Without a doubt, if you still play Atari or Nintendo games you need to pick up one of these, although they may only be available in the Chicago-land area and are disappearing fast.



REVIEWS

MOONWALKER Sega Genesis
 This was Michael Jackson's licensed video game that starred Tia and his songs (Bad, Smooth Criminal, etc.) It was during his white suit and hat phase of the early 90s, the same year those MJ signature smokes came out for LA Gear. (On a sad note, I actually owned a pair unknowingly. They were on sale, even in the 4th grade I should have suspected something was fishy.) The actual game was a Final Fight type of game that wasn't very hard but required you to keep plugging quarters in. Michael fought these thugs, holding the attack button allowed you to throw your hat at them. The special button caused all the villains to join in a synchronized dance routine with MJ. Afterwards they died... of embarrassment!! aha ha... sigh. Even when I was 10 and encountered the arcade game at a birthday party at Enchanted Castle, I knew it was ridiculous. I mean you saved tied up children. And every once and a while Bubbles the chimp would run across the screen and turn you into, get this... Robot Michael Jackson. Yeah, and you could shoot beams out of your chest.

I'd compare this game to Ninja Gaiden, so automatically you'd assume it's rad. As Spiderman you get to crawl on the walls like in Gaiden, plus it one ups it by letting you swing on webs. Plus it does a good job of giving each character (Gambit, Cyclops, Storm, and Wolverine) their own cool power too. Plus I was a total comic book nerd as a kid, so you'd assume this is a rad game right? Except for the fact that I could do the 1st level in my sleep, hence the problem. You know those games where if you miss a jump you fall all the way down to the bottom and have to do it all over again. After the 7th time it just becomes so fuckin' annoying, that you don't even bother playing. That's the problem with this game. I mean break a brotha off some continues, damn!

This is the Simpsons' answer to Grand Theft Auto. But instead of car-jacking and killing hookers, you hitch hike and complete tasks like races or collecting a certain amount of coins within a time limit. It's light years ahead of any other Simpsons' game (then again dirt Vs. the Space Mutants wasn't exactly this generation's Pong) It's a good game to play even if it didn't have the Simpsons in it, but with them it's fuckin' hilarious. The Characters constantly make comments through out, plus there's tons upon tons of references to the show. For instance you can change costumes (like Lisa's Florida costume or hippie Lisa from the episode she becomes a cool kid on summer vacation) Best Simpsons' game ever!

HARVEST MOON UPDATE

One of my roommates downloaded Harvest Moon for SNES and instantly we were hooked. The next weekend I went out and bought Harvest Moon: Back to Nature for Playstation. And I can honestly say it's the best game about horticulture ever made. The first is your grandpap leaves you a farm and you have 3 years to get it into shape and bro like a villian in my big ass crib. I remodeled, made it bigger, got myself a full on kitchen. Plus I also remodeled the hen house, supped that motha fuckka up with a mayonnaise maker. I got 9 chickens, 2 cows, 2 sheep, 3 fish, a dog and a horse. Plus I tricked out most of my tools to the max. I got 3543Gs in my bank account. You should have seen me 2 months ago when I was just a young buck comin' up. Now I'm at the end of my first winter, going fishing, some mining, chillin' in the hot bath, sweet talking the honeys. I'm all about the librarian, I got her up 2 heart colors, but damn, I don't know what she wants. I'm always bringing her mayo, or herbs, or catchin' wild squirrels to show to her. If she don't upheart I'm going to have to bust on out of there. The inn keepers daughter is too much of a tomboy to realize I'm trying to make time with her, so I've been trying to kick it with the nurse instead. At present I'm just trying to keep my options open. Plus there's the pink haired girl, who's always coming on to me, but she's more of a ditzy hippie. She's always winking at me or she's got a lazy eye or something. Shit, I ain't about it. My roommate Robin married her in his game, but she's the kind of girl who would go out with anybody, plus I can't really see my self settlin' down with a noapdodger, ya feel me?

should i stop attack ing?

o, never stop attacking. Not only is this an excellent (if not the only) strategy for early video games, it's also the English translation for Atari. (I know Seven Days of Samsara also used the title, but I don't know where they got it) But anyway this is going to be a new flyer zine. If you dig it let me know and I'll slip you a future copy or send a stamp to the below address and I send you all the issues available. Contributions are welcome. the zine will focus on older, forgotten games, unless there is something new that deserves a mentioning. But I'm not going to gush over the new blah lahlah turbo so you can fork over your cash to a corporate clusterfuck. This zine's going to be dedicated to the golden age found in unmaking through garage sales and flea markets. Feel free to send old issues of Nintendo Power, powergloves, broken Activision controllers and fan mail to: Mark Novotny 5413 6th Ave Countryside, IL 60525 or hit up: TheFuryZine@hotmail.com

SPIDERMAN & THE X MEN SHOES

SIMPSONS HIT & RUN

Issue no. 1

THIS IS ONLY A START. COVER THE BATHROOM WITH
PICTURES OF MY FRIENDS. WRITE LETTERS TO PEOPLE YOU
HAVEN'T SEEN IN AGES AND INVITE THEM TO STAY AT YOU
PLACE. REDECORATE THE STREET SIGN SO THAT ALL TRAFFIC
WILL END UP IN THE WATER. STEAL A MAP OF THE CITY AND
TRY YOUR HARDEST NOT TO FOLLOW IT. BORROW SOMEONE'S
HEART JUST FOR AN HOUR. CHANGE YOUR IDENTITY WITH
SOMEONE FOR A WEEK OR TWO. PLAY SOCCER WITH THREE
GOALS AND NO REFEREE. CROSS OUT WORDS LIKE TRUTH,
OPPRESSION, AND BOREDOM IN EVERY DICTIONARY. STEAL
BOOKS AND DISTRIBUTE THEM TO STRANGERS. SHOP FOR
FREE. ROB A BANK AND BURN THE MONEY. MONEY SUCKS!
DROP EVERYTHING AND GO TO THE ONE PLACE IN THE WORLD
THAT YOU HAVE ALWAYS WANTED TO GO REGARDLESS OF
BULLSHIT CONSIDERATIONS AND EXCUSES. GO TO ART
MUSEUMS AND SNEAK YOUR OWN WORK INTO DISPLAYS. RUN
FOR EVERY PUBLIC ELECTION IN YOUR TOWN AND STRESS
THAT YOU WILL GIVE LIBRARY CARDS TO ALL OF YOUR FRIENDS
AS A GIFT. TIME CHANGE THE TIME ON ALL CLOCKS THAT YOU
ENCOUNTER. AT PEOPLE'S HOUSES, IN PUBLIC PLACES, ETC.
WRITE THIS WILL BE YOUR DEATH ON EVERY PIECE OF MONEY
THAT PASSES THROUGH YOUR HANDS. SPEND MORE TIME
NAKED. CALL EVERY CRAPPY RADIO STATION AND DEMAND
THAT THEY PLAY MORE G.G. ALLIN. IF YOU ARE IN A BAND,
NEVER PLAY THE SAME PLACE TWICE UNTIL YOU HAVE PLAYED
EVERYWHERE ONCE. ON ANY FIRST DATE, MAKE IT THE
MISSION TO GET YOU BOTH ARRESTED FOR SOMETHING
EMBARRASSING AND STUPID. DON'T LET YOUR DATE IN ON
THIS PLAN. IF YOU SEE PEOPLE CHASING PIGEONS, CHASE
AND PRETEND TO KICK THEM. LAUGH A LOT MORE. IF YOU
HAVE SOMETHING STUPID TO SAY, MAKE SURE THAT IT GETS
SAID LOUD. CELEBRATE EVERY HOLIDAY FROM ALL COUNTRIES
AND CULTURES. BATH IN PUBLIC FOUNTAINS, PARTICULARLY
ONES IN FRONT OF COMMERCIAL OR MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS.
FALSIFY INVITATIONS TO ART EXHIBITIONS AND PASS OUT
TO HOMELESS PEOPLE. REINVENT AND MAKE UP NEW AND
EXCITING GAMES. DRIFT. SQUAT A CHURCH, EVERYONE
SHOULD HAVE THEIR OWN CATHEDRAL.

Counter Intimate Interview-

This interview, done by Jamie Fatty and her vagina,
Inspired by Colin's frank conversation with his genitals, I
suggested fleshing out the zine with a conversation with my
vagina. Or coochie.

Me So, you've been rather cranky lately. Are you
PMS-ing?

Coochie You would know, asshole, if you

ever paid attention to me. I give
signals as to these kinds of
things, and besides, I'm pumped
so full of synthetic hormone it's
hardly my choice anymore.

Me Well, when we did things
your way I parted ways with
some pretty expensive undies.
And besides, I pay you tons of
attention.

Coochie Listen bitch, I could do
without some of that "attention." Who
are these assholes you keep
bringing to meet me? Could you maybe
implement a screening process or do
you have to fuck every short-dicked
minute man in three counties?

Me Hey, I'm very selective. I think I've brought down a
pretty nice haul. Pleasing you is my number one priority,
coochie. Besides, if by the grace of God I ever managed to bag
anything over six inches, you would go into hiding.

Coochie I don't think that's true, but of course how would we
know, never having found ourselves in such a situation?

Me OK, sassbag, can we maybe compromise? It hurts me to have
such an antagonist, derisive coochie as my favorite body part.

Coochie How about this. Ixnay on the shaving, get to know
me a little better and I promise to give some of
your lays the benefit of the doubt.

Me And cheer up.

Coochie: I'm all sunshine, sweetie.

